

* *ENEMIES IN THE PROMISED
LAND* 177

They crossed the bridge and entered
into the
more thickly wooded district, where
rose the little
stream that ran out near Falconhurst,
just below
Whale Island.

Fritz and Frank listened intently,
trying to
catch some distant sound of barking or
of guns.
What was Jack, the enthusiastic
sportsman, about,
that he was not hunting this fine
morning ? Game
was rising in every direction,
scampering away
through the brakes and scattering
from tree to
tree. If the two brothers had had
guns, they
could have let fly with both barrels over
and over
again. It seemed to them that fur and
feather
had never been more plentiful in the
district, so
plentiful that their companions were
genuinely
astonished by it.

But besides the twittering of little
birds, the
call of partridges and bustards, the
chattering
of parrots and sometimes the howling
of jackals
were all that could be heard, and to
these sounds
was never added the report of fire-
arms or the
whimper of a dog on the scent.

After crossing the Falconhurst river
they only
Tiad to go up the right bank as far as
the edge of
the wood, where grew the gigantic

mangrove tree
with the aerial dwelling-place.
A profound silence reigned
underneath these
immense trees—a silence which
awakened vague
uneasiness. When Fritz looked at
Jenay he read